

VIDEO DRIVE-IN!

#10

PRIME CANDIDATES
FOR MURDER



Three On A Meathook

Saturday: Noon...In a foul mood. Reserved THREE ON A MEATHOOK; got ORDINARY PEOPLE. Didn't watch it.

At the store - glances to the left. 3 girls. 2 Vanna and a Madonna. Teen conversation:

- 1. coooool!
- 2. meeeooow!
- 3. gross!

What's the cackle, I wonder. The cover to THREE ON A MEATHOOK? Yeah. Bick. The greatest video cover art yet conceived.

THREE ON A MEATHOOK (1975)

Producers: JOHN ADAMS and LEE JONES

Director: WILLIAM GIBRELL

Cast:

CHARLES KIBBLEWHITE

JAMES FICHEFF

(on Regal Video)

As for the "movie":

4 gals, on a weekend vacation in America's omnipresent psycho-dangerous backcountry, go on a road trip in a bay (ala TOURIST TRAP, directed by idea-infringer Chuck Band) until they find out their car can't start. Fortunately, for the moment, Billy Townsend shows up in his pick up truck and offers: "You could stay with me and Pa.....Ma died a long time ago."

Later, at the house, Pa across the hungry gals some of "his meat," then screams at Bill, "I ain't havin' no trash in your Ma's house....You know what happens to you when you get around women?"

Soon enough, two of the mutants get slaughtered and the third decapitated; graphic gore supplied by low budget wizard, J.D. "Fat" Petterman.

So we're off the unauthorised celluloid version of ultra-perch's Ed Gehr's Wisconsin life.

Being a mother in the CHIREE state is tough, but Ed made the most of it. In THREE ON A MATCHBOOK, the Gehr place is portrayed as a quite charming colonial farmhouse. Besides (from reading and rereading stories of the big ravenous cannibalism in Ed's basement—he lived near the infamous girl) I picture Ed's abode as a splintered log cabin covered with banana spiders. Inside, still soup bowl half-filled with crumpled tomatoes litters the table. In the frying pan, on the stove, lies one median kidney. Far in the corner, past the human lips (cut into a window shade pull-scarf) sits Ed, all cosy in his flesh-pajamas.

But in MATCHBOOK, Ed's portrayed by plump Charles Knipper (Dr. Specter in Girder's GUNNAR OF VENGE) as an overbearing, religious type. It's so off Ed sounds silly through his. "You can't be around women," snorts pop-

The movie ends to a sleepless halt as Billy picks up a waitress and falls in love. Padded with the requisite "lower class in the sunset park" tripe, my eyelids seemingly gained 7 pounds.

Things remain ho-hum until the finale, where Heron opens the smokehouse door and sees the title subject.

Closing with a closet twist amid a PG-13 ending, THREE ON A MATCHBOOK only scratches the surface of Ed's depraved legend.

For a \$0.75 rental fee, it can't be beat.

are you offended?

SOME ARE - SOME AREN'T...
BUT WE LAY IT ALL OUT FOR
YOUR EXAMINATION

FULL COLOR

ADULTS

YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO TO TEXAS
FOR A CHAINSAW MASSACRE!



PIECES

IT'S EXACTLY WHAT YOU THINK IT IS!

Sheer filthistic ingenuity.

The no doubt winner of the 90's has to be PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE. Not "cause it's the worst, but because it's the funniest. What with classified aliens, cardboard headbands, stucco garage corner spaceships and far Johnson vocalism, it's as if the film's emulsion was exposed to a disordered dream.

It didn't take long into the 90's to realize that EDGORE FRANTZ had no peer. Garish colors, lots of eyeball clean-ups, and wildly melodramatic performances team with innovative gorying gore.



Accompanied by bizarre horn and organ music (surely the product of a damaged brain), it's a genuine first in a lifetime treat.

The 70's started strong with I DRINK YOUR BLOOD, THE HEADLINES EYES, and INVASION OF THE BLOOD PARASITES, but it took until 1978 for that intangible mixture of cinematic seamlessness to surface...KNARLY INDIANS cackling in outer-space.....parasitic Indians spawning from mortal women's backs.....Terry Curtin seeing the future in a disco tugh.....the THE MANIAC!

But this is the 80's, and, if man's best friend is a dog, then filmmaker's best friend is a chihuahua...and we all know, YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO TO TEXAS FOR A CHIENNAIS MASSACRE!

PIECES

Producers:
STEVE MINASIAN and RICK RANDALL
Director:
JUAN PIGUER SIMON
Screenplay:
RICK RANDALL and JOHN SHADOW
Cast
CHRISTOPHER GEORGE
LINDA DAY
ROBERT FORBES
PAUL SMITH

Warm scenes of nostalgia pass through my head as the film opens with little Edgy intent on pinching

together a Marlo Benton puzzle. Suddenly, the scratchy wall fades as we witness puberty bound Ed feeding a lithographed left nipple.

(semi-dressing music becomes dominant) Mom rants: "Where did this filth come from?.....Answer me, answer me!.....You dirty minded little brat....playing with stuff like this....just like your father!.....You better watch out, that's who you're gonna grow up like.....(slap slap).....and I can tell you a couple of things about him you bastard....(livid, she snatches a Picture of dad into the mirror)I'll kill you if I ever find stuff like that in the house again!.....(pauses)....go get a Plastic bag.

Pretty scary huh? Getting caught by mom with the goods. But I'm more amazed by the fact that this 1982 Boston suburban household is equipped with plastic trash bags, push button telephones and Playboy puzzles.



GESTAPO, GROPING, AND SHEER SS TORTURE!

How do bikers... - not their
drill masters? Do they play
the stock market at "bikertown"
in USA? Do...
the Wall Street JOURNAL
whilst dapping in sweat
dances? It's a question
I've long had... and... still

I have...

HITLER'S HARLOTS

President:

ANN WORING

Director:

BT GILL

Cast:

ROTH SABER

JOHN CARLSON

PARTY GIRLS

Most noticeable, the cast in this extremely cheap
early sexploitation hardcore porno flick does not contain
the about beauty whose name... Instead symbolic are
assisted by a few of the ugliest drags out there
word to whatever. Gross and repulsive, crude
genocidal class-war reveal numerous pleasant
covered lesions, scars and sores.

Finally, two Nazi commandos force unwilling
sex on four Jews. With little dialogue, HITLER'S
HARLOTS attain a certain gruesomeness only through the
chaps. Confined to a Berlin room (decorated only
with a wooden table and a red backdrop) the prisoners
are forced to sit by one until the film ends with an all
out orgy scene.

Friends of Hitler's SS torture go unscathed as the
ugly participants continuously look the director's way
for insertion action.

The only interesting aspect, a grueling 45 minute
bestiary-sororophilly session, amounts itself in the
apparently dead actress' voice over line and:

that allegedly with one camera and a flashlight. It
is a... created here.
If you're easily disgusted, don't worry, Hitler's
HARLOTS only sounds offensive.



ROTH SABER
HITLER'S HARLOTS

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A star shined on little Norma. Why, even before she stepped on the stage—*as a duck*—in the Steubenville Kindergarten play, she knew she was destined for fame.

On a dare, in 1958, she made her break. Sweet 16, and fake driver's license in hand, all thoughts turned to LA, bright lights and glory.

With home vid... emerging, winsome Norma's timing couldn't have been better.

It wasn't surprising then, when two months later, the part Ma. Buna fulfilled her dream of stardom.

Her secret?

Not only was she cute, amazingly well-built, and vivacious, she swallowed anything.

Her stage name? **TRACI LOST.**

My first taste of Traci, no to speak, was a few years back when a local video dealer, with auburn in his mustache, shaved a bright blue cassette box under my nose, then announced (loud enough for the mom in the children's section to hear), "TA GOTTA GET THIS BECAUSE THERE'S SO DIALOGUE.....JUST KNO-STOP KNO!!!!!!!" Flipping the box over and seeing a room full of seductresses wearing 25 cent vampire teeth, I knew I had to rent. **LOST IS THE PAST LURE.**

Nothing much to remember about **LOST**, except that the clerk was right. 90 minutes of shot-on-video *Business Sex*. Vapid visions of Traci recall only an exaggerated chest, a salivating mouth, and an overly made-up face.

The 1/4 of a page script culminates, unsatisfactorily, with a *Twilight Zone-ish*, inexplicable scene of sticky, wet, nude women wearing the kind of vampire teeth one guy's out of a gumball machine.

Vowing never to rent a shot-on-video production again (this was my second sample, the first being the hideous *BOARING HOUSE*, shot in *HORROR VISION*) months passed, as

Traci (sometimes credited as Tracy) blossomed into person's hottest star. Titles include: OPEN UP TRACT...PORTRAIT OF LOVE...SMART WOMEN...BREAK IT...SEX FIFTH AVENUE...BLACK THROAT and PASSION FIT.

Becoming cocky, the brazen siren, fully realizing the monetary value of a prominent tongue, started THE TRICK LURES CONTEST, and began distributing 1 1/2" buttons sporting the phrase, I Want Traci.

But what separates this bi-actress from the hordes of other equally beautiful video tramps? Why should this pretty denizen of sordid passion be singled out as VIDEO DIVA-DE's most influential femme fatal?????

Staple. Looking for a wig of legitimacy after publishing some of the best reading material in years, THE PORNOCRATY'S COMMISSION OF PORNOCRATY's Ed Nease needed proof for his pedesterized accusations of MURK IN THE MEDIA - COMMISSION OF MORAL & VIOLENT SEX IN THE SCREENS.

It's no shock then, when days later, July 15, 1986 in fact, headlines across the world screamed,...NOT PORN STAR IS SHOCKED,...PRORESSED PORN STAR SHOCKS THE WORLD...THIS PORN STAR WON'T BE CHARGED...OHIO PORN STAR'S FILM BANNED.



By 16 she had been a Penthouse Pet; by 16 1/2, she started in 40 some well to wall sex flicks. By 17 she had sold it with all the biggies: Holmes, Jersey, Billie, Thomas and Leslie. At 18, all films got banned; classified as taboo. Child porn.

Just think of it...18 features, and all of them banned...a record unequalled in all of exploitation history.

As for today, the poor Miss Texas sits alone, all assets confiscated, her company on the brink; brazen mobsters looking for restitution...Douglas Harrison (mag sit) in a Marina del Ray jail cell for trying to sell 18 Traci flicks to an undercover cop...Video retailers everywhere can't wait to clean up shop, as they can view, in the best room, adult films only they can watch.

Her star faded; it's the stuff legends are made of.



THE GOREFEST—HEN HORROR/GORE GENRE NEWSLETTER

created by Rod Sims, contributing writer for The Splatter Times, Macabre Times, and Fear of Darkness—Send \$10 for eight issues or \$2 for intro issue to THE GOREFEST, 1 Rod Sims, 16025 Hawkins Ct., Indianapolis, IN 46229.

Charter mate Tony Curtis in THE MANITOU. Also listed are MURDER RABBIT, SERPENT OF THE DEMON LOVER and T. Busby in MURDER RIDES FROM THE DARK.

Is it possible for Magno to top the first? We'll see with THE SHOCKER '81.

You thought that was a movie? Well APRIL FOOL'S DAY, from Paramount, World Vision witnesses ATTACK OF THE BEAST CREATURE!!!!!!

Hoey extends an INVITATION TO HELL. Earl leads the BLOODYKERS FROM OUTER SPACE.

Media bows to the THRONE OF BLOOD. Blood spases in October with the release of DEMONS, from New World. ThrillerVideo reveres to its gods for TV gods with NIGHT WALKER and THE INVASION OF CAROL BURNETT.

Republic triplets with DAY OF THE MADAG, the Al Adamson classic, video dubbed, I SPLIT ON YOUR CORPSE (real title GIRLS FOR RENT) and Paul Naschy again, in, NIGHT OF THE HOWLING BEAST.

Edith Danning and John Carrington topline Fred Gwynne's THE TOMB, from Transworld.

The cutting edge of medical terror emerges from Widmark's SPARE PARTS. From the director of CHAINED HEAT, comes THE BAKED CAKE.

"Bloody nightmares of unrelenting carnage," describes BACAN, THE REPLICATOR, from ThrillerVideo. And finally, Priests attend the SOURCE OF FATH BEACH.



subscriptions (\$10.00 for 10 issues postage money) and correspondence are welcome and should be sent to:
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BILLIE THE KID
TOMMY



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